

Seasons

by Tess 4 5

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Summary: This started as one of those notes I found and suddenly I had over 1500 spoken words. Dramatis personae: DI Thomas Lynley, DS Barbara Havers. Scene: a certain office at New Scotland Yard.

Seasons

Author's usual notes and disclaimer: I don't own any of the original characters nor the original Inspector Lynley Mysteries â€“ they belong to Elizabeth George and the BBC. I have borrowed the characters from the TV-Show and solely own the ideas of **_my _stories and the developments **_I've_** let them go through.**

Please write a PM if I did something terribly wrong. Thanks!

Please read and review! More thanks!

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><p>Author's note and summary: This started as one of those notes I found and morphed into a short Don'tTalk/Talk-story but then it developed a bit further. It's only spoken words but _definitely_ has more than 300 words.

Dramatis personae: DI Thomas Lynley, DS Barbara Havers. Scene: a certain office at New Scotland Yard.

Enjoy...

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Seasons

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><p>"Hello! I'm back, Bar- "<p>

"HAAAA! ...hmpf - bloody hell! Tommy! You can't sneak in and scare the shit out of me. Goodness gracious...!"

"Oh, god, Barbara, sorry, I- what?! Oh, you..."

"...what?!"

"Nothing... Sorry. I didn't mean to startle you out of your sleep."

"Save your winks, Sir, I wasn't sleeping. I was highly focused on those boring files."

"Sure, sorry. Here's your sandwich... and here's your giant iced coffee."

"Aaaah, thank you... 't was about time. I was beginning to wither."

"The elevator is out of service, you know, so I-"

"Yes, I do know. Sorry, I didn't mean it that way. I appreciate it very much that you've gone to fetch it from the canteen. Really! Thank you. So please lower your eyebrow!"

"You're welcome. Oh, isn't it a wonderful summer this year, Barbara?"

"No, Sir. It's summer. It's hot. It's dusty. I could do with less high temperature."

"Who wouldn't love summer? You're just grumpy because we make no progress in this case. Oh, good grief, please be careful with those files and your greasy fingers."

"Don't panic. You see the queen of eating-at-work and yes, in fact I'm very grumpy. But it's because of the heat. I love the snow in winter, and the cool temperatures. And I love the seasons of change."

"Mm-hm hmm, mm-hm hmm, mm-hm hmhm hm hm hmm..."

"Will you please stop humming that silly song, Sir?"

"It's not silly. And it's summer! One has to sing! Fountains are running-"

"Oh, yes, I can see that beautiful, refreshingly sparkling fountain in the sunny car park down there."

"...the ice-cream shops are open-"

"Do we sit in a cafÃ© or in your office, Sir?"

"...women wear beautiful dresses- ...don't look at me that way, Barbara, I've ceased from ogling at the age of 20. He! Stop snorting, Havers!"

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><p>"You're allowed to wear a dress too, you know."<p>

"Yeah, yeah, sure... Sir, has someone checked CCTV footage already? There might be an appearance."

"DCs Park and Smaller still are at it. No luck yet. Now what about that dress? Do I see you in something slightly more female tomorrow?"

"Do you want me to attract public attention and have me arrested?"

"Stop laughing. Or I really do arrest you right here!"

"You won't dare!"

"Test me!"

"Err..."

"Well?"

"Seriously, Sir, I don't even have one in my wardrobe."

"Seriously, Barbara, that's a shame. And truth be told, if you'd wear a dress you would attract my attention."

"Don't be ridiculous. Would you please give me that blue marked file?"

"Sure."

"Thanks."

"Actually, what's so bad about wearing light summer dresses?"

"Nothing, Sir. Only that it's not my nature. I'm not one of those extrovert in-style dolls who-"

"Ah, please stop it."

"I simply prefer my jeans, boots and a coat."

"To hide your beauty?"

"Oh, shut up. Where's my bloody pencil now?!"

"Here, use mine."

"Ta. ...really, I get along without dresses. And I could do without

summer. I'm always happy when it starts to drizzle and rain and the land is slowly going to sleep. When autumn comes with all its red leaves, fog wafting through the streets, the cobwebs are heavy with drops of water- Why are you grinning?"

"I'm just listening closely to your words, Barbara. Go on, it sounds nice. Fog, cobwebs, rain..."

"Yes, rain. The first dark evenings, when it's raining outside, which makes it so cosy inside. And when you go out you can feel the elements: the wind ruffling your hair-"

"_My_ hair?"

"Especial- oh, you're a prig!"

"And you're blushing."

"I'm not! It's the heat in here. Why don't you have an aircon? Inspectors' offices are supposed to have more conveniences! This hot summer breeze coming through that tiny window isn't strong enough to even ruffle one hair."

"An aircon only gives you a cold."

"...would mean a few days off..."

"Fortunately I didn't hear that, Sergeant!"

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><p>"Have you seen this photo? Here - isn't it that said bike?"<p>

"No, Sir, I already checked it. It's just a similarly looking one."

"Hm, too bad... So you prefer it cold, you say... Do you want to go to the mortuary? Pay a visit to Lafferty and his newest guests? We still have the PM on our schedule..."

"Hehehe, at least it would be cooler down there. But no, I'm not in the mood for Stuart's mood now. Let's go there later, cool cellar or not... Yah, well, don't you like winter too? When everything becomes quiet after a snowfall? Everything's covered in soft and silencing white? Everything's smoothed under a layer of beautiful snow-"

"...and the roads are under a layer of wet muddy sleet."

"Who's grumpy now?"

"Only in winter!"

"That's so negative, Sir. Isn't it comfy when you can sit inside and cuddle or just waste your time with good books, eat good soul-soothing food? You drink hot cocoa in the afternoon, wrap a thick cuddly woollen blanket around you in the evening... and lounging on your sofa you can watch those simple heart-warming films they offer in the Advent season."

"Romance at the fireplace. Yes, well, I can picture that."

"Don't be silly, Sir."

"I don't think it's silly."

"Well, to begin with, I don't have a fireplace."

"_I_ have."

"How convenient, Sir. For _me_..."

"Do I hear sarcasm?"

"No, Sir, of course not."

"Well, you could come over one or the other cold night. You should call me first so I can cook dinner for us. Or we could cook together..."

"Yah, I- Oh, that reminds me to ask Winston if he had found something in the phone records."

"About our romantic evening?!"

"Our _what_?!"

"Umm... my fireplace? ...dinner?"

"Oh. Oh, yes. I may take you up on that later, Sir. Sorry, I was so engrossed in this schedule and I didn't think-"

"Don't laugh, Barbara. The offer is serious."

"Oh. Is it? Umm... okay... Sounds... alluring."

"I'm looking forward to December now."

"Yah... yah, well, so am I."

"I can imagine it clearly: a cold night, snow, my fireplace..."

"M-hm... Sounds really... wonderful, Sir."

"I knew you would like that."

"I think I would. I- umm..."

"Hm?"

"Ah, never mind..."

"Hm..."

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><p>"Umm, say, have you seen this entry here? Could it be the hint to Jordan's escape route?"<p>

"Aaah, well..."

"What? Why do you shake your head? It's no bad idea..."

"No it isn't. It's just... Ah, nothing. And no, unfortunately it isn't the escape route. Nkata already has tried to trace it back on an OS Master Map - no chance. It doesn't match the times."

"Shit."

"Indeed."

"I'll put those useless files back, if you agree."

"Of course. I wouldn't want you to stop tidying up."

"Haha, funny, Sir."

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><p>"I wouldn't want the next winter to stop either."<p>

"I wouldn't mind if it's a long one at least. Although one day even the nicest winter should end. Like those bloody summer days... Because if winter wouldn't end it would mean you don't have spring. Spring is wonderful too. Slowly the world wakes up, the snow melts, the first tiny flowers bloom. It's getting warmer - but not too warm of course-"

"Of course not."

"-the first day without scarf and gloves and hat comes, the days grow longer..."

"Which means no cuddly evenings anymore."

"Oh, you still could have that. But one day you wake up and the formerly naked trees in front of your house are dotted blossomingly green. The rosy Japanese cherries in the park summon the bees, birds tweet everywhere, lambs are popcorning... Hahaha, well, of course not here in the city of London but on most of England's green and pleasant hills and you get to see loads of cute internet videos..."

"It goes 'green and pleasant _land_ '."

"Oh, yeah, I know _that_!"

"Stop rolling your green and pleasant eyes!"

"Stop talking so foolishly, Sir. And stop grinning so... ah, foolishly. Yees, yes, I know, I'm rolling my eyes again..."

"I just enjoy listening to your beautiful words. For a change it's nice to hear you talking so empurpled."

"As if I'd only curse all other time."

"Well, you've cursed the summer, haven't you."

"It actually is damnable, isn't it? The inevitable hell after the heavenly softness of spring: bloody hot and humid summer. Or dry as dust like now. And you don't know where to hide from the sun. You can't escape the heat... Why are you grinning so stupid, Sir? I'm melting away here in your bloody office. And you don't appear to me as if you were cold... Damn! How do you keep your files in here? I don't understand your stupid system..."

"Case-related and chronological. Wait, Barbara, let me put them away."

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><p>"You know, it could never be cold when you're around, Barbara."<p>

"Flatterer. What now? Those files weren't exactly helpful! ...?
...Sir?"

"Let's have a break. I'd love to just go on listening to your sweet voice talking about something you love. You know, you may rave about autumn, romanticise grim winter, praise spring and then fervently curse the hot summer but I don't mind if it's Saharan summer or Siberian winter because I love every season as long as it's seasoned with you!"

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><p>"Oh, good gracious, you...?! What was that for,
Sir?"<p>

"Barbara, will you please call me Tommy? Like you did earlier?!"

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><p>...<p>

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><p>"Oh, gosh... I'd never have expected, you'd... Oh,
Tommy... "<p>

"Yes! Oh, yes! And I vaguely dare to guess that you obviously have no objections when I kiss you again."

"Obviously not..."

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End
file.